

Home Mission Echoes

"The Country for which I lifted up mine hand to give it to your fathers"

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VOL. IX.

AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER, 1906

Nos. 8 and 9

The Success of Defeat

I NEED be no failure! Come what may, succeed or fail what will, I need be no failure. My field may be stony or swampy, my plough may be poor, my strength small, the weather bad; but if heartily as unto my Lord I do the best I can and look not back, but keep right on, I am no failure.

To have a fair wind and a sunny sky and a tight boat is not necessarily to be a success, and to have head-winds and cross-cut tides and rain and cold and hunger is not of necessity to be a failure; but no matter what the weather does, no matter what the tides — rain or shine, snow or blow, to steer by the stars and with a true heart to keep the course as best I can, is to succeed and be no failure, though my boat goes down and I am no more known till the sea gives up its dead.

Failure, then, is never an absolute word — always relative; and the only real failure is inside, not outside. It is not being true to the best we know. Inside failure is the only calamity. Outside failure may be the greatest blessing. Let me be loyal to plain and providential duty, true to the best I know, and what seems failure will prove to be a means of knowledge, development, and not seldom the bud of success.

Tracing the thought along these lines in relation to self-knowledge, strength and success, by God's help we shall get some new light on our dark clouds and go on our way with a stouter heart. — *Rev. Malbie D. Babcock, D. D.*

510 Tremont Temple
Boston

Topics for 1906

JANUARY.—The South—Freedmen. Resources. Perils. Encouragements.
FEBRUARY.—The North—Alaska. Extent and Resources. Social and Religious Condition.
MARCH.—The Board of Directors. American Baptist Home Mission Society. Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society. Administration—Methods of Work.
APRIL.—Romanism in the United States, Mexico and Cuba. Romanism in Citizenship. Danger of Romanism in America.
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JUNE.—Anniversary Notes. W. A. B. H. M. Society and A. B. H. M. Society.
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NOVEMBER.—Mormons. Danger to Government. Danger to Society. Danger to Church.
DECEMBER.—The Treasury. Its Need. Our Obligation.

HOME MISSION ECHOES

This paper is published monthly under the auspices jointly of the American Baptist Home Mission Society and the Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society, and represents in a concise manner the interests of both organizations. It aims to make a cheap, popular Home Mission periodical, attractive in its mechanical features, interesting to old and young in its varied contents, with numerous illustrations during the year. Mrs. M. C. Reynolds is the General Editor, and Mrs. Jas. McWhinnie, Assistant Editor. Rev. Howard B. Grose has charge of the Home Mission Society's Department, and Mrs. Anna Sargent Hunt charge of the Department for "Our Young People." All correspondence pertaining to the editorial department of the paper should be sent to Mrs. M. C. Reynolds, 510 Tremont Temple.

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"Growing Money"

WE have been deeply interested in reading of a society who decided to try the plan of "growing money in summer" for missions. Twenty silver half-dollars were given to as many different members who promised to make them grow. Forthwith, busy fingers fashioned aprons (to order), concocted jelly, fruit preserves, cake, salad dressing, or prepared on Saturday delicious desserts ordered by others for the Sunday dinner; still others set dainty stitches in embroidered centrepieces and doilies, or did plain sewing, and all to such good purpose that when October came the treasury was richer by ninety half-dollars, or forty-five whole dollars, for this summer experiment in "growing money."

WILL the life-members who desire the Annual Report send to 510 Tremont Temple, Boston, for a copy, giving the address with street and number?

MRS. L. G. BARRETT sends the following list of articles needed at Jackson College, Jackson, Miss.: Sheets (double beds), pillow-slips, quilts, plain spreads, clothing for men and women. Thick, warm skirts for women are especially needed.

On the keystone of a bridge over a stream in Scotland stand these words, "God and We," teaching all who read them that nothing can be built without the help of the "Great Architect." It is not "God alone," which would mean human idleness, or "We and God," which would be almost profanity, but "God and We."—Selected.

Home Mission Echoes

"Our Echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever." — *Tennyson.*

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Editorial

WE have made out our schedule of appropriations for the year 1906-1907, and forwarded them to the New York office. We have been compelled to drop some whom we would gladly retain if our funds had been sufficient. As it is, we start out with full confidence that the members of Circles in New England will see that our Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society will not lack funds to pay the salaries of our teachers. We say members of Circles because it is the individual members that make our cause successful or otherwise. If every Baptist woman in New England gave systematically and proportionately, we could increase our number of missionaries, and many of the waste places in our land would be reclaimed for Christ.

WE wish to impress upon our Circles the need of consecrated women to act as officers in State and associational work. In order to do effective work we must have officers in women's societies. A faithful, careful State or associational leader helps the cause wonderfully. Our work in Eastern Massachusetts needs a number of officers, because of illness and removal from the State. We ask that many may be induced to enter these open doors of opportunity. Pray over this matter, sisters, and ask the Master whether you cannot serve Him by leading the women of your Association into lines of Christian work. If one of His servants approaches you upon the subject, consider before saying No.

BEGINNING with September 15, a letter from some part of our Home Mission field will be sent each Circle in New England each month for eight months of the year. A number of these letters will be sent to the director of each Association, and we ask her to mail a copy to the president of each Circle in her Association as soon as received. Will the president of each local Circle receiving this letter send to her director sixteen cents, which will cover the postage for one year of eight months?

OWING to circumstances beyond our control, we are unable to make this number, as a whole, a temperance number. We hope to secure letters from our teachers and missionaries at some future time during the year, bearing upon this important subject.

THE Union Basket Meeting of the Boston East, West, North and South Associations will be held upon Tuesday, September 18, with the Brookline Baptist Church. The program will be published in the *Watchman*. Will the women connected with these Associations keep this day free from all engagements? We expect to have representation from five or more of our Schools present upon that date.

OUR Woman's Home Mission Society has again been bereft in the death of Mrs. E. M. B. Winch, which occurred at her home in Westboro, July 6, 1906. At the last meeting of the Board of Directors, held June 22, she was present, and manifested deep interest in each department of our work. Mrs. Winch was quiet, and to many she seemed reserved, but to those who knew her intimately she displayed a sunny, affectionate nature which found expression in words and deeds of love. The Winch Dormitory at Wood Island was her gift to the orphan children of Alaska, and how eagerly she sought information concerning those children! Substantial gifts were sent to our needy missionaries upon the Indian reservations and the frontier.

Those who attended the twenty-fifth anniversary of Spelman Seminary in April, 1906, remember her enjoyment of the delightful days, and the confidence which she expressed in the future of the negro. To those who bear the executive burdens of our Society's work comes the memory of her words of appreciation and sympathy which have cheered and given courage to the workers. We shall miss our sister, but

"Love will dream, and faith will trust,
Since He who knows our needs is just,
That somehow, somewhere meet we must."

What Will You Do?

E wish to remind the ECHOES readers of the aim of our society to secure this year \$10,000 in **extra gifts**. This is being done by the premiums on the policies of the Co-operative Insurance Company, described in June ECHOES, which are \$5.00 each. It is hoped that every Circle in New England will take at least one of these policies, and many of them from ten to twenty. Could you not in your Circle take twelve policies? This means to secure \$5.00 a month as an **extra gift** to our work. Are there not individuals in your Circle who would willingly give \$5.00 or \$10.00 if the matter was presented to him?

Eighteen hundred of the \$10,000 needed has already been pledged, and there are but eight months remaining in which to receive the needed \$8,000. To accomplish our aim means a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together. If every ECHOES reader will make this a personal matter and do their part we shall see the fulfilment of our desire, and you will rejoice that you made it possible to meet our expenses for this year and put the Society on a better financial basis.

A failure to secure the \$10,000 in extra gifts will seriously cripple our work. Which will you make it, a success or a failure?

GERTRUDE L. DAVIS, *Treasurer*.

A Fighter Who is Afraid

GENERAL FREDERICK D. GRANT says in the *New York Defender* of May 17, 1906: "Tell the young men through your paper that General Grant does not drink a drop of liquor — has not for eighteen years, — because he is afraid to drink it. I tried to drink with extreme moderation, because I knew that alcohol is the worst poison a man could take into his system; but I found out it was an impossibility to drink moderately. Because moderate drinking is a practical impossibility, I became an absolute teetotaler — a crank, if you please. I will not allow it even in my house. Drink is the greatest curse, because practically all crime and all disaster are the result of it. Nearly every great calamity in the country, barring accidents of nature, are due to drink. Ninety-five per cent. — I will make it no less — ninety-five per cent. of desertions and acts of lawlessness in the army is due to drink. If I could, by offering my body a sacrifice, free this country from the fell cancer, the demon drink, I'd thank the Almighty for the privilege of doing it. If I had the greatest appointive powers in the country, no man would get even the smallest appointment from me unless he showed proof of his absolute teetotalism. As it is, my own appointees, the members of my staff, not one of them touches a drop. They know better."

Fail, yet rejoice, because no less
The failure that makes thy distress
May teach another full success.
It may be that in some great need
Thy life's poor fragments are decreed
To help build up a lofty deed.

A. A. PROCTER

The Henderson Libation to Temperance

IF that king who sat in Dunfermline town drinking the "blude-red wine" were living at present in our own capital, he would probably have been converted by Mrs. John B. Henderson, wife of former Senator Henderson, to total abstinence from anything more alcoholic than unfermented grape-juice. The newspapers give praise to Mrs. Henderson for the conversion to water and vegetables of that other potentate, Wu Ting-Fang, formerly Minister from China. In their warm zeal for the cause which fights alcoholism as physiologically, if not otherwise, a menace to the race, Mr. and Mrs. Henderson, with the assistance of the temperance society known as the Rechabites, spilled into the gutter the contents of their wine-cellar at Washington. Great numbers of bottles filled with high-priced liquors were broken and their contents formed a rivulet from the greensward to the gutter. The newspapers gave circumstantial reports of this, and many made varying comment.

The conversion of Mr. Wu was wholly due to Mrs. Henderson and the influence of the book she sent him. Mr. Wu writes to a friend in Philadelphia:

"After reading her book carefully, and also other books on similar subjects by doctors and experts, I have come to the conclusion that the way we are living is all wrong."

"So it will interest you to know that I am now living on a simple diet of nuts, vegetables, fruits, with no flesh or strong drinks, champagne included, which, as you know, I was very fond of at one time."

"I am very much pleased to be able to say that since the adoption of this new dietary I feel much stronger and healthier in every respect than before."

"So it is my intention, whenever opportunity occurs, to preach the doctrine; in fact, I have done so to the Empress Dowager." — *Literary Digest*.

"Guilty Traffic Ought to Die"

"SUMMING up the whole situation," says the *New Voice*, in a superb annual review, "we find that a little more than half the entire area of the United States is now free from legalized saloons, and thirty-three million of our people live under prohibitory laws. There is everywhere a widening and deepening conviction that this guilty traffic ought to die."

The president of the National Retail Liquor Dealers' Association is then quoted as saying in his address before their convention in Pittsburgh: "Peer into every city, town, and hamlet; then read the city ordinances; visit the different legislatures and the halls of the Congress of the United States; consult with your lawmakers, and you will be astonished at the combinations arrayed against the traffic that we represent. The truth is, the enemy is gaining ground rapidly upon us, and we are being overpowered by the tremendous forces battling against us."

That being the case, Amen and Hallelujah! Let us close up and at them! — *Selected*.

Signs of the Progress of the Negro



BOAT carried along by a rising tide moves so quietly that changes of position can only be noted when the landmarks on the shore are watched and it is found to pass them one by one. So the advance of the negro race on the incoming tide from the ignorance, immorality, and helplessness in which slavery left it toward the flood of intelligence, virtue, and self-help which well-used freedom are bringing, has been so slow as to be imperceptible at any given moment, but, if comparisons are made from time to time, it is seen to have been swift and sure. Allow one who is watching the current from a projecting point on the shore to describe what she has seen.

In the early days of freedom the principal ambition of the old people was to know enough to read the Bible. One such pupil of Spelman owned a Bible, for which she had paid \$6.00 on the instalment plan, and had laid carefully away, happy in its mere possession. One day in school, as her class was in the midst of a Bible lesson, she burst into tears, exclaiming: "That was the text from which my father's funeral was preached. I never thought I should read it for myself."

Even during the present term Spelman has had students advanced in years, a grandmother and granddaughter, — both in the primary department, — and in the same department a mother of eight grown children, who thinks she has a right to her chance, now that they are able to care for themselves. She has been a power in her church, and wishes to do special Christian work, but feels the need of more education. She has baked the bread for the students in the morning, and has attended school in the afternoon. At the end of the year she is proudly exhibiting a copy-book written in ink.

Although these cases may still occasionally be found, they are exceptional. The old people are centering their hopes upon the young, and, having given up the thought of an education themselves, are ambitious for their children and grandchildren, and are making heroic sacrifices for them, not only that they may be able to read the Bible, but that they may complete courses of study that will fit them for any position in life. So we find industrial schools, normal schools, high schools, and colleges filled with young men and women who aspire to a knowledge and culture equal to that of any race.

The missionary societies of the North were the pioneers in the education of the negro; the States of the South have done a great work in opening and supporting common schools; but the negroes themselves are carrying on their own education to a praiseworthy extent, supplementing the common schools, both by lengthening the school term and by establishing high schools whose advantages shall be within the reach of all.

These schools are springing up everywhere, and are built and maintained under many privations cheerfully borne. One of them, which has received some aid from the American Baptist Home Mission Society, has no seats in the chapel

and none in the dining-room. A visitor, when invited to address the school, was told not to shorten her remarks for fear her auditors would become weary, since they had been standing for eighteen years. The wife of the principal, on being asked how much she loved her people, replied: "Nine years of work without a cent."

Forty years of eagerness and diligence have reduced the record of negro illiteracy about fifty per cent. According to the 1900 census, it was 44.5 per cent. for the entire country; in 1890 it was 57.1 per cent. The illiteracy classified



MISS L. H. UPTON
DEAN OF SPELMAN SEMINARY

by ages gives over 70 per cent. for those over 35 years of age, and not more than 31 per cent. for those between ten and 20. Georgia makes a better showing than that. The report of the State school commissioner for 1903, covering the preceding ten years, states that the percentage of illiteracy among colored children of school age to the school population was 18.9 from 1893 to 1898, and 11.3 from 1898 to 1903, which is a gain of 7.06 per cent. in five years.

The early teachers of the negro were of necessity mainly white, although there were Northern negroes, and also some Southern negroes who had succeeded in learning to read in slavery days, who were ready to begin at once to teach the freed people. A wonderful change has taken place. Not only are all the public schools of the South for negroes taught by negroes, but negroes are on the faculties of schools carried on by Northern societies, and sometimes constitute the entire teaching force. Tuskegee, moreover, is by no

means the only prominent negro school started and managed successfully by negroes.

It may be asked what are the standards of schools under full negro control. The answer would be: In some cases, high; in others, low. Yet consider the short time since there was scarcely a negro in the South capable of teaching a school, and marvel at present conditions. The time has not come, however, the day is not yet in sight, when white teachers can withdraw from Southern schools without a staggering blow to negro education.

One of the encouragements of those who are working for the negro is that those who have gone out into life are securing property and homes, either for their parents or for themselves, and are improving domestic life by introducing orderly and refined ways. A Spelman girl wrote that she had persuaded her family to use dish-towels, table-napkins, and a separate dining-room. Requests for information regarding the acquisition of property sent to former Spelman students brought one hundred and forty-six definite reports, showing that they owned personal property of the average value of over \$750.

It is well known that the social life of the negro has its centre in his church. Generous contributions have erected many substantial church buildings in Atlanta. The Sunday schools are flourishing. The Baptists of Atlanta hold a quarterly Sunday-school Union, which is conducted in an orderly and impressive manner. A recent visitor to Friendship Sunday school found it organized in modern style, with all approved up-to-date machinery and methods.

The B. Y. P. U. seems to be gaining favor among negro churches. Missionary societies among the women have their prominent place, just as they do in white churches.

It is gratifying that the burden of the helpless and untrained is pressing upon the favored of the race. Orphans' Homes, carried on by negroes for negroes, are multiplying in the South, and the Old Folks' Home is an institution that is becoming popular. The General State Baptist Convention of Georgia is responsible for a Home for Aged Ministers and a Reformatory for Wayward Youth, besides encouraging sixteen negro high schools. Atlanta has a Woman's Club of thirty members, affiliated with the Southern Federation of Colored Women, which is working among the poor, as well as promoting the intellectual improvement of its members, and also a Negro Kindergarten Association, which has raised about \$700 in this, its first year, and has supported two free kindergartens among the neglected waifs.

In past days life insurance and burying societies managed by white men have been patronized by negroes; the white storekeeper of the rural districts has held the farmers down by his mortgages and his monopoly of the necessities of life; the large stores of the cities have secured much profitable trade from negroes. Now the negro himself is learning to conduct business enterprises. The National Negro Business League is to hold a session in Atlanta this summer, and arrangements are being made to entertain a thousand

delegates from all parts of the country. An able paper on "The Place of Failure in Success," read before this League last August in New York, gave practical lessons to would-be negro merchants by which white merchants might well profit. It quoted the census of 1900 as showing 9,838 negroes in the United States engaged in business requiring capital and 66,188 engaged in business requiring skill, the latter in twenty-seven different occupations. A stock company shoe store has just been opened in Atlanta with a good outlook. The True Reformers of Richmond have an insurance business in Atlanta and an organized society. The Metropolitan Mercantile and Realty Company of New York, combining insurance, mercantile, real estate, and banking departments, which has a fine standing on Wall Street, has moved its Southern headquarters to Atlanta, and will soon incorporate a bank there and operate a branch bank in other Georgia cities.

In confirmation of these statements we present a few reports received in response to questions sent out to gather facts for statistical tables in connection with the recent twenty-fifth anniversary of Spelman.

"I can give an account of my earnings. The first year I improved my home; the second I started a bank account; the third I went to Hampton; the fourth and fifth bought a piano, and am hoping to add another hundred dollars to my bank account by the close of this term."

"During this year there have been started several business enterprises by negroes, especially among the young men. At the rate in which our people are now buying property in our town, a very few years will find the greater percent as property owners."

"The farmers in this section of the country are doing well. Some have as many as eleven bales of cotton lying in their yards now. All are about out of debt."

"We find the people striving harder to have better homes, lengthening their school term. Several are starting up little business enterprises of their own, owning more land and building better schoolhouses and getting better teachers. This means an increase of the teacher's salary."

"Since leaving Spelman I have been engaged in teaching and dressmaking. We have built us a very pretty home. The most of my spare time is spent in doing church work. I sing in the choir in my church. I am a teacher in the Sunday school; I am organist of the B. Y. P. U., and I am secretary of the Woman's Missionary Society."

"The outlook for women and girls in my community is very promising. The location of the Pilgrim Baptist High School at this place has awakened new interest in the minds of the people for Christian education."

"Many of the colored people of the city own good homes and have them well furnished. Our schools are well attended and there is an increase in business enterprises among our people."

"We have built and completed a one-room schoolhouse while here, and each year have added something toward

improvement, such as desks, blackboards, pictures, wall-clock, and curtains."

"This school does a good work among the women in this section, holding mothers' meetings and visiting the homes; while some of the public schools do the same in their sections."

"A negro bank is being built; a milliner shop for negro women is being planned."

It is perhaps unnecessary to call attention to the men and women who have lifted themselves so far above their people as to have come before the great world. It may not be out of place, however, to mention the late lamented poet, Paul Lawrence Dunbar; the artist of European fame, Tanner; the magnetic lecturer, Mary Church Terrell; the polished writer and sociologist, W. Burghardt DuBois. There is an ever-increasing host of negroes whose technical, artistic, and intellectual achievements are worthy of mention. In 1892 the first colored woman received the degree of B. A. at Oberlin; now there are over five hundred negro women who have graduated from college. More than fifty negro women have had the advantage of European travel and study. In 1900 the Atlanta Conference reported over 2,500 negro college graduates.

Four years ago, there was held in Atlanta a Negro Young People's Christian Congress, which brought together four thousand delegates. They were so tasteful in dress, so refined in demeanor, so intelligent in appearance, so cultivated in speech that they won from the city press astonished and astonishing praise. They compared most favorably with any gathering of young people, such as the Christian Endeavor or B. Y. P. U. conventions, and by showing what education has already done, they were a prophecy of the days to be.

The Voice of the Negro, a magazine published in Atlanta, whose aim it is to stand upon merit alone, and not upon favor, is well named, for through its columns in dignified and glowing words the heart of the negro speaks, and his progress is chronicled. There may be found the fervent and logical appeals of the educated negro for fair play, for unbiased judgment, for a chance in life for himself, and, above all, for his children. This is the moving power of the Georgia Equal Rights Convention, of the Niagara Movement, and similar organizations,—to keep the coming generation from entering the race handicapped. The president of a large negro college, in speaking of the things around him that tried his soul, said: "I do not mind for myself, but when I think of my children, I—" The sentence was not finished.

Race pride, self-respect, and self-control are being fostered by the wise among the negro people. Even when they have taken the form of "Hands off" to their true and tried Northern friends, it is a choice virtue losing its balance, rather than a vice,—a virtue that will bring the respect of the world when the race attains the poise of maturity and loses the faults of a half-grown boy.

Thus a watcher gains hope from the power of the fast-rising tide.

"How easily *He* turns the tides!

Just now the yellow beach was dry,
Just now the gaunt rocks all were bare.

The sun beat hot, and thirstily
Each sea-weed waved its long brown hair,
And bent and languished as in pain;

Then, in a flashing moment's space,
The white foam-feet which spurned the sand
Paused in their joyous outward race,

Wheeled, wavered, turned them to the land,
And, with a swift, legionary band,
Poured on the waiting shores again."

Does one see back-setting currents and dangerous reefs?

"Grim rocks of dread and doubt and pain
Rear their dark fronts where once was sea,

But I can smile and wait for Him
Who turns the tides so easily,
Fills the spent rock-pool to its brim,
And up from the horizon dim

Leads His bright morning waves again."

LUCY H. UPTON.

Report of a Missionary Meeting

We took for our subject, "Missionary Work among the American Indians." The meeting was in the form of a convention, with delegates from the different tribes. There were seven delegates in costume. In one corner of the room we had a large tepee and our Indian delegates squatted in front.

We opened our meeting with singing, prayer, and Scripture. The leader then gave an account of the work done among the Indians up to the present day. He then called upon the different delegates to tell of the work now being done among their own tribe.

There were six different tribes represented,—the Cherokees, Crows, Cheyennes, Blanket Indians, Navahoes, and two delegates from the Kiowas.

After the leader had finished his account, he called upon four of the delegates. They told their story briefly, but in as interesting a manner as possible. When they had finished a short story was told of three martyrs who met their death in Dakota, while endeavoring to teach the Indians. After the remaining delegates had spoken, all the Indians stood and sang a hymn together.

Little programs were made of white paper in the shape of canoes, with the numbers of the hymns and the chapter of Scripture written in red ink. The programs were not necessary, but were made to help carry out the idea.

Woman's Circle of Watertown [Mass.] Baptist Church.

THE glory of Christianity is its power to create men who reproduce the very life of Christ.—J. G. McClure, D. D.

An Echo from Chinatown

THE day before the destruction of Chinatown, San Francisco, Jessie Juliet Knox, favorably known for her book, "Little Almond Blossoms," completed the interesting paper on the Shut-in Women of Chinatown from which the following extract is taken. The article appears in the August *Housekeeper*. She says: "A stranger would be frightened here, for one must pass through a large gambling-house in order to meet the dear little woman above. At the street door sits the 'lookout man,' sombre and stolid as a wooden Indian. Like Poe's raven he sits there day and night. If the police are seen approaching to make a raid on the place he will press a button to warn the gamblers inside. When the officers enter all will be as serene as a Sunday-school, and no paraphernalia in sight. Nothing to be seen save a few sleepy-looking Chinamen, smoking opium, and the altar where the incense burns always for the gods. The gods are never left out of anything, you know. Sometimes I fear the white men, but the Chinese — never. I never stop to stare at them, but giving them a kindly greeting in their own tongue, pass on, through a dark and hellish-looking place called the kitchen, which is always full of smoke and unsavory Chinese smells, and where the oil is ever burning before the 'kitchengod,' and on, into the dark passageway, and up the worst flight of stairs I have ever seen. The rooms are small, dark, and stuffy. A malodorous aroma comes from acres of fish drying on the roofs, and from chickens and ducks in pens.

"At the top of the steps is a door, and here I give a cheer 'hoo-hoo,' which is echoed inside the barred-door. Here I never have to stand long outside, for the lady inside is my dearest Chinese friend. It is Mrs. Wing.

"She has an artist's soul and a poet's heart. There have been many close years of friendship which have existed between us; of the happy time when her baby boy was born, and the joy she felt at being the proud mother of a son; of all the pretty American things I had taught her to make, and how she had trembled and cried for joy when I showed her the simplest things. How we read aloud to each other in English and Chinese, and cried and laughed and prayed and sang together; how a dear little baby girl was born to her and they let it lie on the cold, bare floor till it was dead, because — it was a girl, and the father thought it a disgrace. After that weary time I spent weeks with her, of afternoons. Her life was despaired of, and to me alone did she pour out her innocent heathen heart. It made one cry one minute and laugh the next to hear her talk. 'My baby girl he die; I no got baby now; my little girl he so pretty — nice little hand — nice head — pretty eye — pretty nose — oh, my baby so pretty! just like me!'

"So she would go on in this way, tearing one's heart out as they listened, and putting her hand on her heart would say, 'In here I all time go like this' (heaving a big sigh). I no can sleep — I no can eat — I want my baby."

WE are delighted with the help which we receive from the "Precious Jewels," those dear little children from the tiny babies to the seven-year-old boy or girl. We have recently attended the Annual Meeting of one of these societies at Winthrop, Mass., where we found over one hundred little ones assembled, besides the mothers.

The dolls gave a reception to the Precious Jewels. Upon a table near the door over seventy-five dolls were placed. White dolls, black dolls, rag dolls, wax dolls, dolls from Porto Rico, Burmah, and Mexico. These dolls listened to the Precious Jewels as they recited poems and sung songs. After the gathering all the children (not the dolls) went into the small vestry and sat down to tiny tables, where simple refreshments were served. We know these little ones are receiving instruction in missions which will go with them through all their lives. "Mother Walsh," as she is lovingly called by all the little ones, is the enthusiastic leader of the Precious Jewels.



SUSIE DE NOY, HELPER AT "TWO GRAY HILLS"

THE efficient leader of the "Precious Jewels Band" of the State Street Church, Springfield, Mass., Mrs. Emma W. Billings, sends an account of an entertainment by her Society on the afternoon of June 18th. The membership is twenty-eight. Tiny babies as well as older children were present. The mite-boxes were opened and a roll-call was held. Recitations and songs were given by the children. Five dollars in fees were raised during the year, and not all the boxes had been received. Three little girls have been made life-members. A call came from the mothers for heavier mite-boxes, as some of them were so full they broke.



The American Baptist Home Mission Society

Missions and the Sunday School

BY invitation of the Young People's Missionary Movement, a conference was held at Silver Bay, Lake George, New York, July 17-19, 1906, to consider the place and methods of missionary instruction in Sunday schools. There were in attendance at this conference invited members representing fifteen denominations, and including secretaries of Sunday-school Boards, editors of Sunday-school papers and lesson helps, officers of the International Sunday school Union, secretaries of the Missionary Boards, with pastors and superintendents. As a result, the Baptist delegates adopted the following minute, prepared by Dr. Chivers as chairman of a special committee:

The Baptists in attendance, whose proportional representation was large, hereby place on record their impressions of the conference, and their approval of the plans of the Young People's Missionary Movement, as there outlined.

They were deeply impressed by: 1. The earnestness and thoroughness with which the subject in question, in its various phases and relations, was discussed. 2. The breadth of vision, the enthusiasm, yet withal the practicalness of the leaders of the Young People's Missionary Movement in their plans of missionary instruction; and by, 3, the advance steps in missionary instruction to which the conference practically pledged itself—steps which commended themselves to the judgment of leading Sunday-school editors and representatives of missionary boards, and which included missionary instruction as an integral part of the curriculum of every Sunday school, to be secured by the missionary interpretation of the Bible lesson, the use of missionary illustrations, the adoption of supplemental or special missionary lessons and programs, and the formation of study classes; also the creation of a missionary atmosphere in the Sunday school through the service of worship; and the preparation of syndicated material by the Young People's Missionary Movement. 4. The delightful spirit of unity which marked the gathering. 5. The spirit of catholicity in which the work of the Young People's Missionary Movement is carried on and the comprehensiveness of its plans.

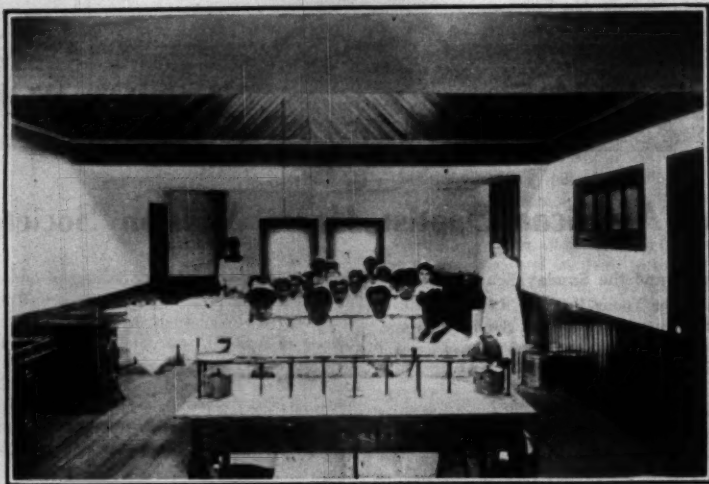
We hail with joy and thanksgiving the advent of this new Movement; we rejoice in its record of phenomenal achievement during its brief history. We heartily commend to the consideration and co-operation of our missionary boards, and of pastors and churches, its plans for the holding of con-

ferences and institutes for the training of missionary leaders and urge young people to avail themselves of the benefits thus offered. We would commend to the attention of officers of national, state, and associational meetings this new Movement, urging a study of its plans, and the giving of definite place to mission study work in these gatherings. We would also respectfully urge the Young People's Missionary Movement to arrange for another conference next summer for further consideration of this vitally important subject.

Editorial Notes

THE Sunday School Conference held at Silver Bay, of which some report is given in another column, was felt by those in attendance to be of unusual importance. The introduction of missionary information into the Sunday school is a matter that has long engaged the thought of many, and various plans have been suggested and tried. The main idea evolved by this conference was the missionary exposition and illustration of the lesson, done in a natural way and without straining. This idea commended itself to the leaders. There is no reason why the teachers' helps should not include illustrations drawn from mission sources whenever these are in point; nor why the missionary teaching of Scripture should not be brought out. This is not asking for extra missionary lessons, nor for supplemental lessons. If the wise policy thus far pursued, of making haste slowly and beginning in a natural and reasonable way, is continued, we believe much good may come of this movement.

At the Silver Bay Missionary Conference, which began July 20, much interest was manifested in the Home Mission Study of the year. The new text-book, "Aliens or Americans?" was on hand and is the most attractive volume in appearance thus far published under the auspices of the Missionary Movement. Four home mission study classes were formed, Secretaries Chivers and Grose having part in the teaching. The subject of immigration makes a strong appeal to patriotism, and the general opinion at Silver Bay was that the text-book gives an admirable treatment of the subject, equally adapted to study classes or use in missionary circles and meetings. The Home Mission Society will soon have its special edition ready for delivery, and orders may be sent direct or through the Woman's Society.



COOKING SCHOOL CLASS AT SHAW UNIVERSITY

A Plea for Justice

BY MISS JOANNA F. MOORE



BELOVED FRIENDS: God has given me a little message which is hard to deliver and perhaps harder to receive, and yet God is here and He will make us understand each other. No one but myself is responsible for what I hope to say to-day, for no one but God and myself know what the message is.

A PARABLE

I met a woman with black eyes — mine are blue — but black eyes are just as good and useful as the blue; but I despise black eyes, therefore I treat this woman with contempt and say to her you must not enter my home nor my church, not even sit beside me. This black-eyed sister looks at me beseechingly, saying, "I was born with these eyes. I cannot change their color, nor do I wish to; God gave me these eyes, and I am satisfied. The color of my eyes does not affect my character. I have a heart that can love and suffer and a brain that can think and reason, and it hurts me to be thus scorned for the color of my eyes, a thing for which I am not at all responsible."

But I pay no heed to her words. It so happens in the providence of God, that I have more education and money and influence than my sister, therefore I compel her to take a lower seat. I will not respect her opinion in the least, while she pleads for a chance to become learned and rich, saying, I do not wish to intrude on your rights, but I do so long for a chance to grow. In reply I tell her that the people with black eyes are an inferior race and cannot learn much,

and thus send her away discouraged, with a great weight on her heart.

Oh, you say, that was very cruel, very unjust, and you ask, what do you know of the possibilities folded up in any human soul and brain? God can take the weak things of this world to confound the mighty, and he often does do it. What right have you to put the weight of natural inferiority on the heart of that poor sister? Besides you cannot know certainly that she is inferior till you have given her the privilege to develop and grow, that you have had for centuries. I admit the justice of your reproof, but must add that I have no patience with these black-eyed people; they are so ambitious, but I will teach them to keep their place.

Notwithstanding all the discouragements, my black-eyed sister has grown. She is as intelligent as I am and has as nice a home, but her eyes are still black; the color has not changed and my feelings toward her have not changed; but I now see clearly that it was not her ignorance nor poverty that made me despise her, but it was the color of her eyes, and they have not changed, therefore I have decided that she must occupy an inferior position, for besides all this she was once a slave.

THE TRUTH OF THE PARABLE

You all understand my parable, but I hear you ask, does my opinion place a weight upon these people?

In reply I will give you one or two true, stern, hard illustrations. In my home in Nashville I had four sisters with black eyes and faces, a shade darker than mine and some almost as white as mine. It would have been very difficult to classify even those four. One of these sisters in coming

home from her mission work passed some white boys playing on the street. One of them said: "We will wait till this lady passes," but a larger boy said, "She is no lady, she is a nigger!" My sister quietly replied, "I am a lady the same as your mother." Then the boys followed her up the street, calling her the vilest of names. She came home in tears, saying, "How long will this last? How long must I bear contempt and scorn because my face is dark?" This woman was a lady, cultured and educated, and neatly dressed. But my sorrow that day was not only for the weight pressing so heavily on my sister, but alas for those white boys upon whom the chains of race prejudice were being fastened too early in life. Both races are carrying weights; very many times have I pulled the veil over my face to hide my blue eyes, not for my sake, but the black-eyed children might suffer for entertaining me. I have always said God would carry me over the pathway of duty or carry me up. There is room for me in Heaven, glory be to God!

A few years ago I visited a city in which dwelt one of my little boys with whom I prayed when he gave his heart to God, and ever since and before we have been friends. He is now married and a successful physician. He called to see me at a school taught by white people and said very tenderly, "Dear Sister Moore, I would be glad to take you to my home, but the customs of this place will not allow it." Was that a weight? Some months ago there came to my city of Nashville about three thousand student volunteer delegates. I am quite sure that many of them would gladly have gone to some of the homes of our good intelligent colored people and there by their firesides heard the negro's story of this race problem; but the customs of the country would not allow it, not even allow a negro to sit beside them in church; therefore, all our visitors from the North only hear one side of this vexed subject. Is this a weight? Is this freedom to thus hinder Christian fellowship? But you say, we do not believe in mixing the races. That is not the subject under discussion. No one asks for intermarriage, but just here I want to state a fact and ask a question. We have the very same Bible that we had fifty-two hundred years ago. Why was it that we never knew that mixing the races was a sin till freedom came to the negro? Answer this question if you know how.

We are asking no special favors for the negro, simply because he is a negro. No, he does not need that, but he does need a fair chance in the battle of life. Punish him when he sins as severely as you would a white man, but wait till his guilt is lawfully proven. Give him the rights of an American citizen when he is ready to receive them, but do not require more of him than other people. In the trades, the professions and other duties of life, let him work side by side with other races, provided he is able to perform the duties assigned; lift this weight of color that your prejudice has placed upon the life of the negro. Tell him that the color of a man's face is no passport to freedom and honor. Tell him that a willingness to serve the present age with all his God-given powers is what the world needs to-day. Never call attention to his color any more than you would to the height

of his person or the shape of his nose. It is impossible to classify the human family according to the height in inches and feet, or the shape of their noses, and it is just as impossible to divide them according to color, especially in the United States, where there is such a diversity of color. Any one who attempts such an unwise, unkind, unjust classification will be sure to meet a problem.

But that is not all. Those in power who do this without consulting the other party must think one of two things. First, the people with whom we are dealing have no sense of justice and no human feelings that can be wounded, or else they think and say: "I do not care whom I hurt, I will have my own way."

We hear much talk about problems. God does not give his children problems. God is light and in Him is no darkness. Those who follow God know what to do. He has said.

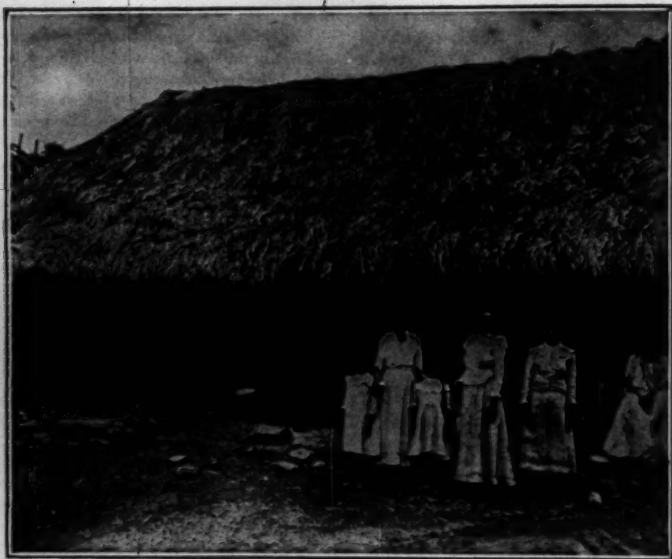
"I perceive that God is no respecter of persons, but in every nation he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted of Him." (Acts. 10: 34, 35.) What God accepts we can safely fellowship. But you say, this is a weak, erring brother. Granted that he is. God tells us what to do in his case. Is it to hang weights upon him because he is weak, and put stumbling-blocks in his way? Jesus says, "We that are strong must bear the infirmities of the weak and not to please ourselves." He also says, that when we sin against this brother and wound his weak conscience we sin against Christ. (Rom. 15: 1-3; 1 Cor. 8: 11-12.) This is what touches me. This weak brother is very dear to Christ. He died for him. Surely I can be tender and patient with the one for whom Christ died.

I bring this subject before you to-day, because it is so intimately connected with all Christian work, not only with my little task. The religion that is from above is first pure, then peaceable. It is only as we follow Christ that we have peace, union, and success. I am commended "to remember those that are in bonds as bound with them." If there be something in my conduct that wounds the person that I am seeking to save, I must put that stumbling-block out of the way. Race prejudice is a stumbling-block. All excuses made on earth will not stand the test of the judgment day. Right now the search-light of God's word and the power of the Holy Spirit has swept away our refuge of lies.

Oh, beloved, there is a choir up in heaven composed of every tongue, kindred, nation, and people. Yes, they will all be there. Glory to God! The new song they sing is the one we are trying to learn how to sing — here on earth. There is no doubt about the song. It is "Glory and honor and praise be unto the Lamb that was slain and hath redeemed us to God by his own blood out of every tongue, kindred, nation, and people."

Will you, will I be allowed to sing in that choir, while we are unwilling to practise this new song with any or all of these nationalities here on earth? Oh, God, lift the weights, remove the pressure, and let us be all one in Christ Jesus.

I have an awful weight on my heart to-night and I have carried it for forty years. Oh, God, how long!



FAMILY LIFE IN CUBA

Mrs. Troyer's School in Coamo

THIS good letter from one of the devoted workers in Porto Rico will interest all our readers. It is full of the spirit that influences life.

Our first year of mission-school work in Coamo has been brought to a close. How impossible it is to sum up the results of the year's work; the future alone will tell the story. As we feel that some of our girls will look back to this year and count it the beginning of years with them, the time in which they first learned and understood that a changed life alone, a new birth would admit them into the presence of God. How strange this new doctrine must have sounded as it fell upon the ears of those who were depending upon priestly rites and confession for their soul's salvation. We have had many evidences of hearts touched and truths springing up, and we feel that the seed will bear fruit in the years of womanhood pressing upon our girls.

The last day of school found many girls wet-eyed, and our hearts, too, were sad as we thought of the intimate daily companionship to be broken up, and for four months at least the old life resumed. Do you wonder this new school life means so much to them? Girls in Porto Rico know nothing of the joys of the school life, as at the very inception of maidenhood they are taken out of school and put to work, an absolute necessity on account of the dire poverty of the people. This bringing of the girls together in school work created an atmosphere very new and pleasing to them, and we soon found the rough, rude ways of the street giving place

to womanliness, and the poorly made toilet and sadly-neglected attire giving place to cleanliness and neatness. All this because of new ideals. We found, too, a vastly different spirit pervaded the last months of school. Do you know that we even lost sight of the cigarette, and for a long time not one has been in evidence. I blush to speak of this, but it is the prevailing custom of this country and has even fastened itself upon its womanhood, and some of our girls came to us with this habit.

Many spoke to us during the last days of the new life that was opened up to them by the school, and how they had appreciated it. The following note will give you some idea of what the school has meant to them.

"DEAR SISTERS:—You ought to understand the great heart-pain I have at the thought of our separation, and also the debt of gratitude I owe to you, not only for the beautiful work learned, but also for the precious lessons taught us of Jesus the Christ. Never has my heart been so sad as this last day of our school, and I pray the Lord may make these months of vacation pass as weeks, and to happily reunite us in the coming year. Pardon this little note, but it was in my heart and I had to say it.
DOLORES."

This young girl has given her heart to Jesus and for this reason has been dropped by many of her friends, but she tells me that the friendship of Jesus is sweeter to her than that of all the world besides, and she is very happy.

Can you possibly imagine what life would be like for our young girls in the home land if they should be taken from school at this tender age, compelled to live in an atmosphere evil in the extreme, and to be compelled to cast about for some way to earn a living? Nothing to do, no happy girlhood life, but instead the duties of womanhood crowded upon her. Our school draws from the middle and better class; even then not one of our girls could be in school but for the little she earns there to help clothe her. We find them bright, capable, industrious, lovable, and well worth training. This sort of training that fits a woman for her sphere in Porto Rico has met with the approval of all classes. Fifty new girls have already made application for admission the coming year. Will you not aid Dr. Morehouse in his noble effort to secure a building suited to our needs?

Yours for service,

MARY C. TROYER.

Missionary Work in Indian Territory

BY REV. T. C. CARLETON

THERE are four hundred thousand lost souls in the Indian Territory. As general evangelist I am striving to save one thousand of these by January 1. The evangelistic and missionary workers of the Territory are striving to win five thousand souls during this year. There can be no better investment than money spent in evangelizing this growing country. More than fifty of the two hundred people whom I have had the pleasure of leading to Christ in the last few weeks were Indians.

While these people are usually cautious and slow in following white people, I have been gratified to see some notable exceptions.

Miss Annie Fullerton, missionary to the Cherokees, has won her way to the homes and hearts of these interesting people. I had the pleasure of visiting many of these homes with her, during a recent meeting held at Tahlequah, the capital of the Cherokee nation. There were many of these homes opened to her for gospel meetings. While visiting one of these homes a mother and grown daughter and a lady visiting her were converted. In another home a mother and sixteen-year-old daughter were led to confess Christ in a short time. In another home a young woman and her brother were happily converted. When I asked her if she wanted to join the church, she promptly said, "Yes, sir." Being asked when, she said, "To-night." She did join the church that night, and so did her brother.

There were conversions in almost every home where Miss Fullerton had held her meetings. There were twenty confessions of faith at the Cherokee National Female Seminary at one service, and in the Cherokee Baptist Academy, of which Prof. W. J. Pack is president, there were fifty confessions of faith in a series of meetings held by Rev. J. H. Franklin, just before he closed his work with the Home Mission Society. There were about fifteen confessions of faith among these students in a meeting which I recently held in the Baptist Church at Tahlequah.

While at Pryor Creek in revival meetings I was attracted

one night coming from church by the singing of a group of Indians, who were attending the District Court. Drawing near, I found they were singing religious songs, and among them were some prominent Christian workers. It is a gratifying change to have the revelry of a savage tent changed into religious services of devout orderly Christian workers.

Rev. J. G. Brendel, pastor of the Baptist Church at Pryor Creek, was formerly missionary of the Home Mission Society in Indian Territory, and had the privilege of baptizing 201 converts in one year, and many of these were Indians. "Where is Mr. Brendel?" asked a stranger of a citizen one day. "If you don't find him at the church up yonder, you will find him down there at the creek baptizing some one." Starting towards the church, he met a crowd of people coming towards the creek, and asking who the preacher was, they said, "Mr. Brendel."

At Twin Mound, where I have recently held a meeting, an Indian girl fourteen years old plowed corn all day, using a two-horse walking cultivator, and then walked a mile and a half alone to a neighbor's house to find some one with whom she could attend church in order to confess faith in Christ and unite with the church. She was baptized the following Sunday without a single member of her family present to witness the ordinance. She is letting her light shine for Christ, and asks the prayers of Christian people for her father and mother.

Twin Mound is a country church that maintains a weekly cottage prayer-meeting. These meetings are well attended, people coming three and four miles after a hard day's work. They have had conversions in these meetings, and the young Christians take active part. Among the leading workers in this church and in these prayer-meetings are some Creek Indians. Two of them on different days quit their work and took me in their buggies to the homes in their communities, where we had prayer and religious conversations together. In one of these homes I heard a ten-year old Indian girl lead in a public prayer that would have done credit to any home in the States. One of these brethren, while looking for land on which to file for his allotment, prayed and sang and talked with his nephew in the camp till one o'clock at night trying to lead him to Christ, and till two o'clock the second night, when the nephew was converted and himself led in prayer, and went home to have a prayer-meeting in his own cottage.

We shall never reach the high mark of missionary effort until our church-members in general come to a sense of deep personal responsibility, and a readiness to give self in service. Individual interest is what we must somehow inspire, in order that progress may be more rapid.

RICHTER says: That we should all make as much of ourselves as can be made "out of the stuff."

The "stuff we are made of" may be particularly poor, for we know that we have made but little or nothing of it. Suppose we take it to its Maker and ask Him to do something with it.

Our Little Folks



CLYDE GETCHELL, AUBURN, MAINE

The Coming Men

We are coming to the rescue—
 We are young and brave and strong—
 And we're ready for the conflict
 Between the right and wrong.
 Our nerves are strong and steady,
 Our pulses full and true,
 For we put away tobacco,
 And beer and cider, too.

We hope to grow to manhood,
 And mingle in the strife,
 And with loyal, steadfast purpose,
 Join the noble ranks of life.
 We'll work a few more summers
 As Temperance boys; and then
 We'll stand among our elders,
 The Loyal Temperance Men.

—Union Signal.

HIGH-SCHOOL teachers say that cigarette-smokers stand at least ten per cent. lower in scholarship than their non-smoking classmates, and that they are untrustworthy, untruthful, and deceitful. — Es.

DEAR LITTLE FOLKS:—The topic of this month, as given on page 2, is a very important one, for it sets us to studying about the evil effect of the drink habit upon the lives of the peoples for whom we are doing our mission work.

We hope a great many of our boys and girls are members of the Loyal Temperance Legion, which is doing a vast amount of good, and is raising up for the future an army of temperance men and women. Such membership, of course, includes the taking of the triple pledge of the L. T. L., whose keeping ensures a very careful way of living and speaking.

Strong Drink

We will not buy,
 We will not make,
 We will not use,
 We will not take,
 Wine, cider, beer,
 Rum, whiskey, gin;
 Because they lead
 Mankind to sin.

Tobacco

We will not smoke
 The smoker's pets,
 Those little things
 Called cigarettes.
 We will not chew,
 We will not snuff,
 Or waste our time
 In playing puff.

Profanity

We will not curse,
 Though many dare
 Open their lips
 To curse and swear.
 Our words shall be
 Both pure and plain,
 We will not take
 God's name in vain.

We wish that every one of our little folks, whether members or not of the L. T. L., would take this pledge. We cannot speak of the evils of intemperance in all our mission fields, but we know what opportunities our colored girls from the Southern schools often have in vacation time to give good temperance instruction, and to show their principles in refusing to touch liquor of any kind.

Our former teacher, Mr. Roscoe, of Wood Island, Alaska, once said, when pleading for a good industrial school under religious teachers, that many of the children of that country are clothed only in rags, with no one to provide suitable food or clothing, made destitute by the drunkenness of the parents. He also said that the children do not generally show this craving for strong drink, and are ashamed of the habits of their parents. We should be very grateful

that in our Orphanage home many of these children have been taught the right way, and also that every one of our Baptist Sunday-school scholars can help provide this instruction for the future.

Until very recently the Indians were in greatest danger from the deadly "fire-water" which was destroying both body and soul of the children of the forest. We have in an exchange a fine story about an Indian temperance camp-meeting, a year and a half ago, at which hundreds of men and women from Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota were present. One paragraph is as follows: "After the third temperance address, over one hundred Indians signed the total-abstinence pledge, and a Woman's Christian Temperance Union was organized among the women. Every Indian wanted the white-ribbon badge. They said: 'Our friends ask what that means, then we tell them that we promise God that we drink no more liquor,' and what this means in the homes of these Indians cannot be estimated, as the women among them are even worse drunkards than the men."

We are glad that since this was written, our mission schools, temperance societies, and last and best of all, a helpful temperance law are bringing brighter things to pass for the Indians.

Let every boy and girl read the letter from Miss Anna Gordon, secretary of the World's Loyal Temperance Legion and see what the L. T. L.'s of Indian Territory are doing.

Youthful Patriots of the Rising Star

IN a recent trip through Oklahoma and Indian Territories, during which Mrs. Stevens and I visited the important towns and cities of this rich and enterprising section of Uncle Sam's domain, I discovered that the boys and the girls of this state-to-be are among the smartest and most wide-awake in the entire nation. Bright Legioners are helping to keep things stirred up for prohibition "When the star of Oklahoma takes its place upon the flag;" youthful patriots are speaking for our great principles in medal contests; and college and seminary students are making the echoes ring with the tuneful declaration, "We're out for Prohibition."

The young white-ribboner, whose picture in Indian dress will interest Crusaders everywhere, lives at Tulsa, Ind. Ter., and one of the most delightful receptions Mrs. Stevens and I ever have enjoyed was given us in her mother's home. Miss Marjorie Davis is proud of her Cherokee blood. She is a student in Spaulding College at Muskogee, and has been awarded the gold medal for efficiency in pianoforte music. She is a strong temperance girl.

On entering Indian Territory at Bartlesville, a prosperous oil town, we found a throng of Junior L. T. L. members lined up on the station platform. They greeted us in rousing fashion as we stepped from the train. Jolly little people they were, singing a welcome song as they twisted about to catch a glimpse of the strangers who had come so far to see them.

Leaving the station in carriages decked with white ribbons and drawn by horses wearing the same decoration, we were

escorted by the boys and the girls, each carrying a flag, while their earnest little faces beamed with pride and happiness. As their leader, Mrs. Teeple, wisely said of this unique procession, it furnished a fine advertisement for the evening meeting as well as much pleasure and inspiration for the young folk.

At Calvin a similar procession of Juniors, including little tots of Cradle Roll age, welcomed us with rally cry and song



MISS MARJORIE DAVIS IN INDIAN COSTUME

at the railway station and were our advance-guard up the long hill leading to the village.

At Ardmore, the last point visited, the Junior L. T. L., with flags and banners, created great enthusiasm at the evening meeting by their fine march to the platform. "We're out for Prohibition" and "Saloons want Boys," were among the significant mottoes held proudly aloft by these young preachers of temperance truth in banner and in song. As we left the church to take the Pullman for Chicago, their rally cry rang out with splendid vim, given as a good-bye send-off.

"Rah! rah! ree!
Who are we?
Legioners! Legioners!
Yes! Siree!"

It always will be a delightful memory that boys and girls were first to welcome us to the prohibition soil of Indian Territory and last to cheer us on our homeward way.—Anna Adams Gordon, in *The Crusader Monthly* for July.